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AD AIDS: glossies

P.2

AVLON INC.
744 Main Street
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THE BOSTON HERALD, BOSTON, MASS.

Doxie's a Dog-Gone Doll

She's Cuddly, Convertible

By W. J. McCarthy

Wherever Jerry Avlon of Stroudsburg, Pa., goes with his latest attraction, eyebrows go up, mouths turn down and noses crinkle.

But Jerry, a man of the world despite a benign and fatherly mein, faces down room clerks, reservation agents and hotel hostesses with the aplomb of a bridegroom determined not to show he is.

Soft, Cuddly

Where he goes, "Doxie" goes, and that's all there is to it.

With that, no man could quarrel, for Doxie is soft and cuddly, with limpid brown eyes and just the trace of a Mona Lisa smile.

"But, Sir," Jerry hears wherever he goes, "the rules, you know . . ."

Jerry knows all the rules, as would any man who began life in Athens 56 years ago, served as a steward in the merchant marine and then settled down to a life as an importer in Stroudsburg 16 years ago.

But Jerry first saw Doxie in a Paris nightclub a year ago, and for him it was love at first sight, and where he goes, Doxie goes.

In fact, he had Doxie with him when he came into the Herald city room in the early afternoon yesterday, and in its day the Herald city room has seen them all, the beauty queens, the starlets and the stars.

Doxie was a **SENSATION.**

HEAD LOLLS, ROLLS

And now let it be explained that Doxie is soft and cuddly, but that Doxie is a toy dachsund manufactured in West Germany, which comes as close to being a living, breathing dog as anything ever seen in these parts.

DOXIE'S A DARLING as Jerry Avlon demonstrated yesterday when he brought her into the Herald city room to show why he finds it difficult to get her admitted to hotel dining rooms.

Doxie's head, thanks to a tiny motor concealed in a stand hidden by a tufted quilt made by Jerry's mother, lolls and rolls with an almost irresistible appeal.

Jerry is showing her at the gift show now in progress at the Parker House, and a man of unquenchable humor, he carries her around with him in a little wicker basket.

His appearance at the foot of an airplane ramp with Doxie under his arm has reduced airline stewardesses to tears and then to uncontrollable laughter.

HOSTESS PERSUADED

He was refused admittance to the coffee shop of the **Americana** in Miami Beach, but pleading that Doxie was dying of hunger he persuaded the hostess:

TO FETCH A CUP OF MILK.

TO RETURN TO THE KITCHEN WITH THE MILK TO HAVE IT WARMED.

TO MAKE A THIRD TRIP FOR A SLICE OF BREAD TO CRUMBLE IN THE WARM MILK.

At about this point in the routine, Jerry casually detaches Doxie's head from her hindquarters, and the result is usually hysteria.

If you don't believe us, ask the girls in the Revere Room at the Parker House.

Or maybe you'd better wait until Jerry leaves for Stroudsburg sometime tonight.

(City Editorial Front Page)

P.3

Almost Human Local Dog Stirs Mayo Clinic

By JEFF COX

STROUDSBURG -- Jerry Avlon of Stroudsburg walked into the Mayo Clinic recently carrying his dachshund, Doxie.

He said the dog was sick, and needed blood.

The following scene was strictly out of the Marx Brothers: the nurses protested, doctors came, the clinic was in an uproar, and then Avlon pulled the dog's head off.

"When they found out the dog was not real," Avlon said, "there were 350 people screaming and laughing."

Currently, the toy importer is taking Doxie with him on his travels in this country and others. He says, "the dog is so real - looking, nobody can believe it when I show them it's a toy."

The dog is made in West Germany, is actual puppy-size, and its head lolls and rolls because it is suspended from inside the body of the toy. The eyes are bright and glassy.

Nose Warm

"I had one man believing the dog was real," Avlon said. "I told him the dog was sick and he felt its nose. 'Yes,' the man said, 'I think its nose is a little warm.' "

Avlon was born in Athens, Greece, 57 years ago. He served as a steward in the Merchant Marine, and came to Stroudsburg in 1948. Since then he has been building his toy importing business.

According to Avlon, Doxie has been the most fun of any of his imports. He first saw the toy in a Paris nightclub about two years ago, and immediately laid plans to bring the dog to this country.

Now he has a backlog of experiences with the sham-puppy that could keep Will Rogers talking for three hours.

He has paraded the dog into the city rooms of the Atlanta Constitution and the Boston Herald; when he goes to department stores to dicker with buyers, Doxie goes, too.

"After I've fooled a man so badly," Avlon says, speaking of the buyers he has spoofed, "how can I deal with him?"

One of his favorite stories concerning the dog is set in Atlanta, Georgia.

"I was outside a restaurant with the dog, and I called a waitress outside. I told her the puppy was hungry.

"She went to the kitchen and got a cup of milk. Then she went back to have the milk warmed; then she went back to get some bread to crumble into the milk.

"What a look on her face when I pulled the dog's head off," Avlon says.

"I've put the dog on the rear window ledge of my car, and sometimes people will wave to it as we drive along."

Exclusive Imports

Doxie's not the only ploy in Avlon's bag of tricks, though. His Stroudsburg office is cluttered with clowns that ride tightropes, indians that pound drums and yelp war cries, a toy dog dressed as a magician that turns an egg into a chicken and back again, and a dog that pokes its head out of a basket and sinks back.

Most of these toys, and many others, are Avlon's exclusive imports. Doxie is Avlon's to distribute where he will in this country. It's a big business, for kids keep coming along looking for toys and tricks.

Knowing Avlon, however, there's always the suspicion that Doxie won't remain his main mirth-making device forever. As the saying goes, he's got more tricks up his sleeve than a crooked bridge player.

DOUBLE TROUBLE — Jerry Avlon, Stroudsburg toy importer, cuddles his exclusive import, Doxie the Dachshund, on an Atlanta, Ga. street. The dog has caused a lot of confusion around the country, mainly because it's a toy.

The Daily Record, The Stroudsburgs, Pa

P. 4

MORE FUN THAN TV

The Dog-Gone Thing Really Looks Real

By WILLIAM C. COTTER

Thinking the little brown dachshund had snapped at her, the waitress quickly withdrew her hand and dropped a piece of bread she had offered the dog.

"Oh, it's all right," assured the well-dressed gentleman who owned the dog. "He won't hurt you."

He proved his point by neatly lifting the puppy's head, sad brown eyes and all, several inches from rest of its body.

"Why, that dog's not real!" the waitress said.

Staff Photo—Joe McTyre
JERRY AVLON
Dachshund Won't Bite

AND SHE WAS right. But Jerry Avlon fooled her and several other Atlanta restaurant workers and patrons.

They would fuss over the puppy: "Oh, how cute. What kind is he?"

The workers in the eating places would inform Mr. Avlon firmly, but politely, that health laws prohibit them from allowing the dog inside.

"Can you sell me some milk for him to eat out here?" he asked each. "Warm it if you can, please. Cold milk makes him sick. How about some bread, too?"

When all his requests had been fulfilled, Mr. Avlon would pull the toy dog's head off, shocking the onlookers.

MR. AVLON, of Greek and Russian parentage, makes practical jokes of his business. His Stroudsburg, Pa. company imports and distributes the life-like German-made puppies.

"I get a good laugh" out of playing the puppy joke on people, he explains. "I'm 60 years old. How many television programs are going to make me laugh like this?"

He says he has fooled people all over the country with the toy dog. He especially likes to play his joke at "exclusive" hotels and eating places.

A pretty blonde Atlanta girl, about 5 years old, admired the puppy on the street. She told Mr. Avlon about her brother, who pulled their dog's tail.

When she tried to pet the toy dachshund, she became skeptical. "Is that a real dog?" she asked as though reprimanding Mr. Avlon.

He is one of those "all kinds of people" it takes to make up a world.

"I'll come out . . . you can't come in!" "But it's cold," said Jerry.

"Does he bite? Let me feed him."

"Oh-h-h! He's not real! You're terrible - fooling me like that." The serious onlooker would probably agree with the writer that Jerry Avlon is one of those "all kinds of people" it takes to make up a world.

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